

## SERIAL STORY

## LIPS THAT WERE SEALED

By  
Alma Martin Estabrook  
Author of "My Cousin Patricia"

PICTURES BY A. WEIL

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### SYNOPSIS.

The story opens with a scene at a box party. Miss Henrietta Winstanley, sister of Bishop Winstanley, overheard Banker Ankonny propose to Barbara Hemingray, whose brother Dan was in his employ. Dan was one of the town's popular young men. He showed some nervousness when Attorney Tom Twining told him Barbara refused Ankonny. Ankonny the following day, summoning Twining, accused Dan of looting the bank. Twining refused to prosecute. Barbara persuaded Ankonny to postpone starting prosecution. Twining learned of the engagement of Ankonny and Barbara. He congratulated both. He visited Miss Hemingray and found her almost in tears. He told her he had loved her, but feared prematurely announcing his affection. By action alone she told him she reciprocated. Mrs. Anson Dines, wealthy widow, proposed a marriage by proxy with Bishop Winstanley. The bishop had been paying attentions to Miss Streeter.

### CHAPTER V.—Continued.

"But could such a thing be done, Mr. Twining?"

"The marriage suggested?" I asked. "Certainly, sir. It would be as binding as one you yourself would perform, with the parties kneeling at your own chancel and all the usual and fashionable formulae employed."

"Then there is no reason why the arrangement suggested by Mrs. Dines might not be carried out?" he asked.

"There is none offered by the law, Bishop Winstanley," I replied.

"Upon my soul, I wish you could have apprised me of some technical objection, Mr. Twining; I do indeed," he exclaimed.

I lifted my brows.

"Because there is a very good reason, outside the law, why no such absurd arrangement should be entered into."

"I should be interested to hear it if you feel disposed to speak of it," I said politely. I was in reality consumed to know what it was.

"I believe you legal men are considered deep wells into which all sorts of trouble and embarrassment may be safely poured," he remarked.

"The reason will be safe with me if you care to intrust it to me, sir."

He smiled a charming smile.

"It is very simple," he said; "I do not wish to marry the lady."

"Then why on earth do you consider it?" I cried.

"Bless your soul, I do not," he chuckled.

"But I thought—"

"I may have given you the impression. Frankly, I am somewhat disturbed to know just the way out of the absurd position in which the lady, encouraged doubtless by my sister, has put me. It is not an easy thing to decline even such an alliance as she suggests, sir. I dare say you have had no experience—for which you may thank your stars. It is only fair, perhaps, to admit that the ladies have some grounds for thinking I would not be entirely unwilling to enter into such an astonishing plan. To begin with, I am 45 years old—old enough to have thought of matrimony if I ever expected to. Perhaps the fact that I have not thought of it has encouraged my sister and Mrs. Dines to assume that I do not mean to do so. Hence they have frankly suggested it to me. Then I have always been an admirer of Mrs. Dines, who, as I have told you, is an admirable woman, and 15 years my senior, and they have probably considered my admiration to be the devoid of reverence, which is not the case. There are besides these reasons others which I need not mention to you, not to speak of the financial one, which, in her zeal for her charities, my sister has not overlooked. But I cannot consider any of them. I sent for you hoping you would tell me that the illegality of such a step would put it out of the question. But since you cannot help me, I must find a way of my own."

I smiled and held out my hand.

"I am more sorry than I can tell to have failed you," I said; "but I haven't a doubt that, left to your own devices, you will get delicately and safely out of the matter."

He smiled back at me, retaining my hand.

"Did you ever have an elder sister, Mr. Twining?" he inquired.

I regretted that I had never been so blessed.

"Ah," said he, "that accounts for your not being an attorney general or a chief justice," and he smilingly bowed me out.

### CHAPTER VI.

"Mr. Hemingray is in the sitting room, sir, and wishes to see you at once."

I blinked up into the reposeful countenance of my faithful and imperturbable Kimmens, who stood above my

bed, a lighted candle in his hand, its rays over his ruddy face and ruddier pajamas.

"Mr. Hemingray!" I repeated in sleepy amazement.

"Mr. Dan Hemingray; yes, sir."

"What time is it?"

"A little past two. Mr. Hemingray just came in by train, I think."

"Bless me! Well, go to bed, Kimmens. I won't need you. I'll go right in, tell Mr. Hemingray."

Kimmens went with dignity and fluttering garments.

As I hurried in Dan looked up at me from a chair in which he had sunk in an odd heap.

"Sick, Dan?" I asked.

"Sick to death—at heart," he groaned.

"What's the matter?"

He wheeled on me sharply.

"You know all about it, don't you—that I did, you know?"

I stopped to light the gas in my grate.

"Yes, I know, old fellow."

There was an instant's silence.

"Did Ankonny tell you?"

"Yes."

"He made Barbara believe no one knew."

"He told me before that. I'm sure he hasn't told any one else. You may depend on that, I think. He wanted—"

"He wanted you to prosecute; I know. I'm a nice sort, ain't I? What do you think of me?" he sneered.

"I think you may have been a bit weak, but that there's a bully lot of strength in you yet and that it's going to assert itself. That's what I think, and I stretched out my hand."

He gripped it absently. "Do you know what made Ankonny change his mind about the prosecution?" he asked.

"I've imagined."

"Then you know that I'm a cad as well as a thief. I let myself be saved by accepting Barbara's bondage. You know as well as I do how she hates him. It was you who told me how she scorned him the night before at the opera. She didn't change. You know that. She simply took him to save me, and I let her. Good Lord, Tom, I let her!"

"I know how hard it would have been to resist her pleading," I said.

"I was so sick I didn't know what I did. She's more to me than anybody on earth, and yet I let her sell herself for me; but, thank heaven, the sacrifice isn't consummated yet, and I've come to myself in time to stop it."

"I knew you would! I was sure of it," I exclaimed.

"Were you?" he asked wonderingly.

"Did you have that much faith in me? It was more than I had in myself. I thought I meant to let it go on. I went away thinking I did."

"I lifted my brows."

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and he shivered uncontrollably and threw himself down on the couch.

"We can't do anything to-night," I said. "You must go to bed. You're undone and won't be fit for anything to-morrow unless you get some rest. I'll see if I have a bed ready."

"Don't bother. I can't sleep. I hated to get you out at this time of night, but I hoped you might settle upon something before morning."

"I wish to the Lord we could!" I fervently ejaculated.

"You can't think of any other way?"

"Not now. But we must. The trouble is, there's nothing to appeal to in Ankonny, and nothing that I can get hold of to frighten him into decency. I wouldn't give a rap for his morals, but his discretion is unassailable."

"I've heard things hinted," he reflected, "but nothing openly suggested. He'd take precious good care of that. No, I don't believe we can reach him that way."

"I'm afraid not."

"I'm not worth all this trouble," he groaned.

"Shut up and come along to bed."

"I tell you I can't sleep."

"You must. Come along."

He followed me patiently.

"Have your man wake me at seven," he said; "I must get home early."

When I had seen him in bed, I went out into the dimly lighted sitting room and sat down to try once more to find some way out of the pressing difficulties.

Dan was awake and leaving the next morning when I awoke and, hearing him, looked out on the apartment.

"Stay for breakfast, can't you?" I called.

"No, thank you; I've got to get home, but I'll come back after I've seen Barbara, and tell you what's to be done; but," with a queer settling of his face, "I guess there's only one thing to do."

"Don't do it till you've seen me," I said hastily; "I haven't given up hope yet. Come to me before you go to Ankonny. I'll turn heaven and earth to find something."

"Don't bother. It's no use. Honestly, I believe that. But she shan't marry him."

He went, leaving me to reflect anew on how much easier it is to tangle things than to untangle them.

I had scarcely reached the office before he came. He looked bewildered and uncertain, and, sitting down on the other side of the table in my private room, stretched out his arms across it and leaned over to me. "She says she loves him," he said.

"Of course she says that!" I exclaimed.

"Then you don't believe it?"

"Do you?"

"I don't know what to believe. I didn't think it possible before, and I can't conceive it now; but she swears she does, and she looks—she actually looks as if she means it. Do you think she's pretending so as to make it easier for me?"

"Don't ask me, Hemingray."

"It's just what you might expect her to do, isn't it? I accused her of it, but she only laughed at me and said I was silly to imagine such a thing. She says she refused him the night before because she was piqued at something he did and wanted to make him suffer, but that she has cared for him all the time. You can make what you like out of it."

I drummed on the table. I had nothing to say. Things were dim and vague and hateful to me in that acute moment. I did not know what I believed—what I wanted to believe. I was remembering all that had passed between her and me pertaining to her engagement, trying to make something definite and convincing out of it, but I decided that much of what I had deemed convincing had been based merely on my own conclusions and not upon anything she had actually said or conveyed.

"She says she'll marry him whether I give myself up or not," he went on; "that it won't make a particle of difference except that it will stir up an unnecessary fuss. Ankonny won't do anything, of course, when she's going to marry him, and she says she's going to."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Newest Egg Breaker.

It is interesting to note the variety of inventions which have recently been brought forward to add to the comfort of diners and enhance the pleasure of the hours spent at the table, pleasant as they already are to most of us.

A Colorado man has just introduced an egg breaker which reduces to a science the breaking of an egg and makes what was some times a painful operation an interesting bit of work. This device consists of an apparatus much like a pair of pincers, with wire handlers and semi-circular jaws, each equipped with tiny teeth at the end. Above and below the jaws are conical springs, forming a receptacle and byshape of an egg.

The egg is placed in these springs and by gripping the handles of the device the jaws press upon it, cutting through the shell as neatly as a man might cut a piece of fruit with a knife. The egg is thus opened not only without soiling the cloth, but without burning the hands, which was the invariable experience in the old way.

Rather Sharp.

The pretty girl wore one of those hats that resemble the blade of a buzz saw. As she passed the young man in the narrow doorway the rough edge of the hat skinned his cheek.

"Ah, there, Percy!" she called vivaciously. "Just tell them that you saw me."

The young man felt his stinging cheek.

"No, sis," he said grimly, "I guess I'd better tell them that you saw me."

## AS THEY DO IT IN ENGLAND

Family Inherited Postmastership. Though the Department Officials Didn't Know It.

Forty years before, as quite a boy, Jones had left a little town in Kent. Now, on the first long vacation he ever had had since, he was visiting his childhood scenes. He had remembered that the postmaster's name was Pengelley, and he had remembered, too, that he was a kindly old man. There wasn't the slightest probability, he thought, that the postmaster was still alive, but his acquaintance with the former incumbent might smooth things a little with the new one, so that the whereabouts of people to whom he had been directed would be made known.

"What's become of Mr. Pengelley?" he asked, interrupting for a moment his majesty's letter assorter.

"I am Mr. Pengelley."

"Perhaps you're his son."

"Yes, my father's name was Pengelley, too," drawled the Englishman.

"I mean the postmaster."

"So do I."

"Was your father postmaster 40 years ago?"

"My word, no! That was my grandfather. You see, our names are all alike, and the post-office department doesn't know but that the first one is alive. We inherit this job, don't you know. And my wife's just presented me with a son. There was no haggling over his name."

The Hardest Working River.

The hardest working river the one most thoroughly harnessed to the mill wheels of labor in the United States, probably in the world, is the Blackstone. It is not a large river either. Its drainage area is only about 458 square miles, and in its power-producing section it is only 43 miles long—a very Tom Thumb of a river as rivers go in America.

Yet the doughty little stream produces 23,000 horse-power, 50 for every square mile of its drainage area. If you will figure out this amount of horse-power in terms of coal you will find that the busy little stream represents a capitalization of about \$25,000,000. This is twice the developed horse-power of any other important river. Almost a hundred mills, catching with their whirling turbines its water almost from the very source in the city of Worcester, Mass., line its banks and grow in size and importance till in Woonsocket and Pawtucket, R. I., you have some of the largest of their kind in the country.—Technical World Magazine.

The Prophet Without Honor.

Reginald De Koven, the composer, motored recently to the native Middletown. There, as he strolled in a sun-blistered street, he met one of the friends of his boyhood. The friend threw down his pick, climbed out of the hole he was digging, and shook hands warmly.

"By the way," he said, "are you any relation to Reginald De Koven, the composer?"

Mr. De Koven smiled.

"I am he," he answered.

"No, no," said the other, impatiently. "I mean De Koven, the great composer from New York. The one that's writing a grand opera on 'Tribby,' you know."

"Yes," said De Koven, laughing; "yes, that's me."

With an exclamation of disgust the boyhood friend turned and leaped back into his hole.

"De Koven," he sneered, "you always were a liar."

Significant Comparison.

Rochester, N. Y., had five murders last year. London is 25 times as large as Rochester, yet she had only 12 murders, as compared with Rochester's five. "In other words," says the Post-Express, "there is ten times as much likelihood of your being murdered in Rochester as there is in London. Perhaps that is partly due to the fact that, although there were four convictions in the five cases, they were all for manslaughter. Not a single homicide paid the penalty of his crime with his life."

THE MARKETS.

NATONA STOCK YARDS, ILL.

Cattle—Native beef steers, 4.00@7.75; cows and heifers, 3.00@6.25; stockers and feeders, 1.00@4.75; calves in car lots, 5.50@8.50; Texas steers, 3.50@5.25; Texas cows and heifers, 2.25@4.00. Hogs—Mixed and butchers, 7.25@7.75; good heavy, 7.50@7.85; rough, 7.00@7.25; light, 7.15@7.50; pigs, 5.50@7.00. Sheep—Muttons, 3.50@4.75; lambs, 5.75@7.10.

KANSAS CITY, MO.—Cattle—Native steers, 4.50@5.50; southern steers, 3.25@4.75; southern cows, 2.50@3.50; native cows and heifers, 2.25@4.25; stockers and feeders, 3.00@5.00; bulls, 2.50@4.00; calves, 3.75@5.00; western steers, 3.50@5.75; western cows, 2.75@4.50. Hogs—Heavy, 7.40@7.75; packers, 7.30@7.70; light, 7.00@7.40; pigs, 5.00@6.25. Sheep—Muttons, 3.50@4.75; lambs, 5.25@6.50; range wethers and yearlings, 4.00@5.40; range ewes, 2.90@4.50.

CHICAGO, ILL.—Cattle—Beefers, 4.25@8.50; Texas steers, 4.00@5.25; western, 3.50@4.75; stockers and feeders, 2.10@3.50; cows and heifers, 2.00@3.00; calves, 7.00@9.50. Hogs—Light, 7.50@7.85; mixed, 7.40@8.05; heavy, 7.20@8.10; rough, 7.20@7.50. Sheep—Native, 3.50@4.75; good heavy, 7.50@7.70; good to choice, 7.50@8.30; western, 7.25@8.00; yearlings, 4.00@5.50; lambs, 4.25@7.15; western 4.50@7.10.

GRAIN.

ST. LOUIS, MO.—Wheat—No. 2 red, 1.21@1.22; No. 3 red, 1.16@1.20; No. 4 red, 1.05@1.06; No. 2 hard, 1.00@1.11; No. 3 hard, 1.04@1.08; No. 4 hard, 95c@1.04. Corn—No. 2 white, 60c@61c; No. 3 white, 58c@59c; No. 4 white, 55c; No. 2 yellow, 60c; No. 3 yellow, 59c; Oats—No. 2, 35c@36c; No. 3, 34c; No. 4, 33c@34c; No. 2 white, 41c; No. 3 white, 39c@40c; No. 4 white, 38c@39c.

CHICAGO, ILL.—Wheat—No. 2 red, 1.18c; No. 3 red, 1.08@1.11; No. 4 red, 1.04@1.07; No. 2 hard, 1.05@1.08; No. 3 hard, 1.01@1.03; Corn—No. 2 white, 60c@61c; No. 3 white, 58c@59c; No. 4 white, 55c; No. 2 yellow, 60c@61c; No. 3 yellow, 59c; Oats—No. 2 white, 41c; No. 3 white, 39c@40c; No. 4 white, 38c@39c; standard, 40c@41c.

# Facts For Sick Women

We know of no other medicine which has been so successful in relieving the suffering of women, or secured so many genuine testimonials, as has Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

In almost every community you will find women who have been restored to health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Almost every woman you meet has either been benefited by it, or knows some one who has.

In the Pinkham Laboratory at Lynn, Mass., are files containing over one million one hundred thousand letters from women seeking health, in which many openly state over their own signatures that they have regained their health by taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has saved many women from surgical operations.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is made exclusively from roots and herbs, and is perfectly harmless.

The reason why it is so successful is because it contains ingredients which act directly upon the female organism, restoring it to healthy and normal activity.

Thousands of unsolicited and genuine testimonials such as the following prove the efficiency of this simple remedy.

Minneapolis, Minn.:—"I was a great sufferer from female troubles which caused a weakness and broken down condition of the system. I read so much of what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound had done for other suffering women, I felt sure it would help me, and I must say it did help me wonderfully. Within three months I was a perfectly well woman."

"I want this letter made public to show the benefits to be derived from Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."—Mrs. John G. Moldan, 2115 Second St. North, Minneapolis, Minn.

Women who are suffering from those distressing ills peculiar to their sex should not lose sight of these facts or doubt the ability of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to restore their health.

## Quaker Oats

Mistake Most People Make Is in Waiting for Bad to Come and Then Coddling It.

is the perfectly balanced human food

China for your table in the Family Size Packages

You Can Shave Yourself With Gillette

NO STROPPING NO HONING KNOWN THE WORLD OVER

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